

"REVELATION," OR
"Go and Sin No More"
 by Dulcie Deamer

*A Bible Romance
 of the Woman
 Who Was Brought
 Before the Saviour
 to be Stoned to Death*

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FOREWORD

THE time, the nineteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Master of the World. The place, Jerusalem, a city in the Roman province of Palestine administered by Pontius Pilate.

In the houses the women scold, talk and give place to the extended soldiers of Rome. Beggars pester for alms, blind men whine, lepers rot by the roadside, children play noisily together, men who pray look superciliously upon those who do not, painted women wait in their houses, girls envy each other and watch young men, shepherds, laborers, snobs, fishermen, weavers, tax-collectors, plotters and money-changers ply their trades; and the son of a Galilean carpenter, who is reputed to cure sickness and teach heresy, goes from village to village, fed by charity and followed by a few fishers.

CHAPTER I.

THIS hinged palm-wood shutter of the square window hung open, and the neutral first light, mingling with the dusk of the chamber, heightened it increasingly. A round, flat-topped basket of wove grasses sat on the matted floor. The lid of the basket had been set on it unevenly, and at the chink between lid and rim something moved. It was the diamond-shaped head of a serpent.

There was the faintest scraping rattle. "The serpent, narrow as whipcord and green as young grass after rain, slid from the basket. It moved curvingly across the matting, passed adroitly a rounded outflung arm, and came to rest upon the warm bosom of a girl.

The girl sighed. A slight stretching shudder fled along her limbs. She crooked the outflung arm behind her head. She yawned. The forked tongue of the small grass-green serpent flickered like a point of flame.

"The girl's eyes opened. "Oh, Aten," she said in a sleepy voice, "do you love me?" She sat up, placing her right hand over the snake as she did so. Then stretched out her arm, about which it had twined bracelet-fashion.

The girl was of mingled Greek and Syrian blood, and had seen the passage of quite fifteen years. Therefore she was a woman.

Her body was of the tint of a magnolia flower—a warm cream-white, veiled as a leopard's, with smooth and subtle curves melting each into each like the mingling of flowing

*"The girl's eyes that were raised to David's were dark as night—warm night, in which swam the melting Syrian moon, the Lady of Love."
 "An emotion, that was also an impulse, sweeter than wild honey, stronger than wine, took hold of him."*

honey. Her low, oval breasts, though full, were still firm. Her red-golden hair resembled the tail of a white desert stallion when it has been dyed with henna for a day of festival, and was of an equally handsome length.

Night was in her eyes—warm night, in which swam the melting Syrian moon, the Lady of Love.

"Kiss me!" she said in a laughing half-whisper, and the tiny, cold muzzle of the snake, where its quick tongue flickered, touched her mouth.

She stood up, yawning, stretching with wide-flung arms, her young, unsexed body taut as the cord of a drawn bow. The ends of her unbound, down-hanging hair touched her heels.

There was a sound—half sigh, half groan. A woman, sleeping in a mattress laid alongside that from which the girl had risen, turned over on the flat of her back.

"Antarte! Daughter of the Devil, what are you doing? Is one to be permitted to sleep at all? As soon as a girl turns twelve years she's as fidgity as a cat in the Spring."

She heaved herself up into a sitting position, axing

(Continued on Page 12)

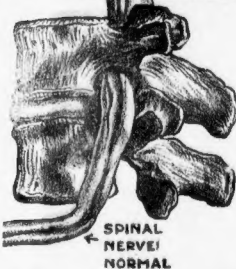
Could Caruso's Life Have Been Saved?

Dr. Sauchelli Reveals the Surprising Fact That the Great Tenor Came to Him and Had an X-Ray Made of His Backbone Which Showed the Real Cause of His Illness, He Claims

When the Columns of the Temple Fell in the Opera of "Samson and Delilah" and Strained Caruso's Back.

How the Nerve from the Spinal Column Comes Out Through the Third Cervical Vertebra to Nourish the Pleura and Lung Tissues.

SPINAL CORD



SPINAL NERVE NORMAL

COULD the life of the great Caruso have been saved?

Were the distinguished specialist who rushed about his bedside during his long months of illness in New York busy treating a symptom while they entirely overlooked the real cause?

Was the inflammation of the pleura, and the gathering of pus in the pleural cavity around the lungs a local diseased condition which was caused by the compression of the nerves which run out from the spine and control the beautiful condition of the pleural walls of the lungs?

Did the doctors who had Caruso's case see only the local disturbance around the lungs and fail to realize that no permanent cure could be accomplished without tracing the trouble back to its origin along the starved nerves which were pinched and compressed as they leave the spinal column from the great trunk nerve inside the spine?

It is precisely this charge which the chiropractic physicians of New York make against their brother doctors of the allopath faith who had Caruso's life in their hands.

It is only of late years that the new system of medicine called chiropractic has begun to assert its claims for attention. The chiropractic school of healing does not concern itself with drugs. Instead of the "pills and potions" of the drug cure the chiropractic doctor searches for the cause of disease in damage to the nerve which governs the health and vigor of the organ which is out of order.

The foundation stone of chiropractic is the spinal column backbone. Through the middle of the backbone runs the great central trunk nerve from the brain downward. And through the various openings, at intervals all along the spine, emerge the special nerves which run out from the main trunk line to the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, kidneys, etc., etc.

If the heart is in trouble, the chiropractor examines the particular vertebra of the backbone through which the heart nerve emerges. By a system of massage or manipulation of this spinal vertebra the chiropractic physician treats whatever is wrong with the heart.

In the same way diseases of the other organs are reached, not by drugging the organs, but by stimulating to normal ac-

tivity the nerve which governs the activity of that organ.

And so it is that the chiropractic practitioners insist that Caruso's death resulted from misunderstanding of what ought to have been done in his case. All hands are agreed that Caruso suffered from inflammation of the membrane, called the pleura, which surrounds the lungs. The doctors at Caruso's bedside attempted to cure the trouble by working on the diseased parts without paying any attention to the nerve which activates these tissues. The chiropractic doctors assert that they could have cured Caruso by applying their method of correcting the pinched and starved nerve energy and relieving the pressure on this nerve which had resulted in Caruso's case from unfortunate accidents on the opera stage which had damaged his spine at the third dorsal vertebra, where the nerves which nourish the pleura come out from the great trunk nerve in the center of the spinal column.

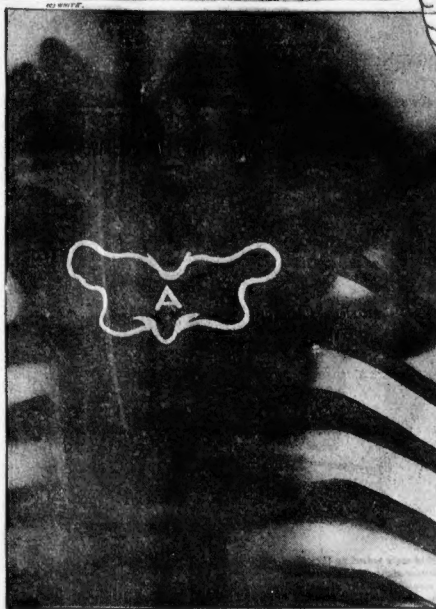
In fact, it is asserted by Dr. Francesco X. Sauchelli, the well known consulting chiropractor of New York city, that Caruso came to him in January, 1919, for examination. Doctor Sauchelli at once examined Caruso's spine and confirmed his diagnosis, he says, by an X-ray photograph of the great tenor's backbone, which is shown on this page today.

Doctor Sauchelli declares that a slight twist of a vertebra of Caruso's spine was perfectly outlined, which accounted for the symptoms of distress and pain in the pleura.

This injury to the finger's backbone was the result of two or three mishaps on the opera stage. There appears to have been three different blows that Caruso sustained in the last six years. In the last act of "La Tosca," which the great tenor sang many times, his part called for a realistic fall. Six years ago, Doctor Sauchelli says, Caruso fell exceptionally hard in this scene and did the first damage to his spine. Then, later on, while playing the second act of "Samson and Delilah," where he was being roughly handled by the other characters in that opera, in accordance with the story of the play, he fell accidentally and was quite badly injured.

And again, last December, in this same temple scene, in this same opera of "Samson and Delilah," the columns of the temple fell, striking him on the back. Doctor Sauchelli asserts, and seriously wrenched his spine. It was in accordance with the story of the play, he felt accidentally and did damage to his chest and pleural walls, which ultimately caused his death. Doctor Sauchelli insists that the blow was on the back and not on the chest and that the spot of the trouble was the wrenched vertebra of the spine which compressed the nerve which keeps up his action in the pleura.

Please look on this page a chiropractic chart of the human mental and nervous system. The brain is shown as a power plant, the seat and origin of human energy and life. Leading from the brain are the wires or nerves which transmit this energy to the various organs, which are likened to motors. The vertebral column is represented as the switchboard through which



X-Ray Photograph of a Portion of Caruso's Backbone, Showing (A) the Third Cervical Vertebra Which, Dr. Sauchelli Declares, Was Wrenched and Caused the Squeezing of the Nerve Which Nourishes the Pleura and Brought On Caruso's Fatal Illness.

the nerve wires pass and which regulates the transmission of the nervous energy. The twenty-four upper vertebrae or "switchboard plugs" are numbered—the 7, cervical; 12, thoracic; or dorsal; and 5, lumbar. Through these the various nerves are traced to their respective organs or motors.

It is the belief of chiropractors that any organic trouble is due to a derangement of the nerves through which the organ is fed from the power plant in the brain. Instead of tampering with the organ they straighten out the nerve at the point where it passes through the spinal column.

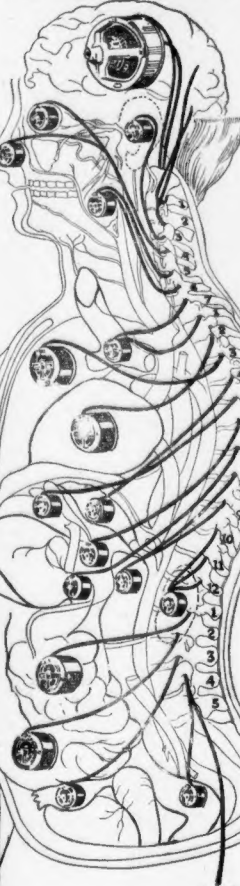
It is just as though you had a garden which you were watering with a hose," said Dr. Sauchelli in explaining chiropractic theory. "Supposing the hose gets a kink in it. The water is shot off. Some of the plants in the garden begin to wither.

or in some cases would treat the city water main from which the hose leads. But the chiropractor merely straightens out the hose. Then the water flows again and the plants revive.

"Or it might be compared to the great telegraph systems. When communication is interrupted or interfered with linemen are sent out to locate the trouble somewhere along the wires.

"Caruso's fall made his spine crooked, as the X-ray photographs show. The X-rays were made in January, 1919, when Mr. Caruso first came to me for treatment. The position of each vertebra is shown by the white dot, from the seventh cervical to the sixth dorsal. The chart shows which nerves pass through these vertebrae, to which organs they lead, and what diseases are caused by their displacement.

"I undertook to treat Mr. Caruso on the strict condition that he would submit to regular treatments, until such time as I permitted him to quit. He began very



Chiropractic Diagram Chart, Showing How the Backbone Transmits the Energy Out Through the Vertebrae to the Various Organs.

Cervical.

1st C.—Insanity, Hysterics, Delirium, Vertigo, Insomnia, Facial Paralysis, Epilepsy.

2nd C.—Acne of Face, Convulsions, Facial Paralysis, Headaches.

3rd C.—Deafness, Blindness.

4th C.—Nose, Throat and Diseases of the Teeth.

5th C.—Alterations of Speech, Pharyngitis, Tonsillitis, Loss of Speech.

6th C.—Asthma, Hay Fever, Laryngitis, Bronchial Affections, Cough.

7th C.—Affections of Shoulders, Choking Attacks, Bronchitis.

Dorsal.

1st D.—Affections of the Hands and Arms, Muscles of the Chest, Diseases of the Trachea.

2nd D.—Heart Troubles, Drying of Milk in Breasts.

3rd D.—Pulmonary Tuberculosis, Lobar Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Pulmonary Stenosis.

4th D.—Biliousness, Gall Stones, Jaundice, Liver Ailments.

5th D.—Chills, Fever, General Rash; in fact, any general condition.

6th and 7th D.—Cancer of the Stomach, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, Tape Worm.

8th and 9th D.—Hiccoughs, Intestinal Indigestion, Diseases of the Spleen and Small Intestines.

10th, 11th and 12th D.—Bright's Disease, Addison's Disease, Renal Calculi, Diabetes, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Granulated Eyelids, Dry Skin, Nephritis, Obesity, Kidney Stone.

Lumbar.

1st and 2nd L.—Cancer of Intestines or Peritoneum, Constipation, Appendicitis, Colitis, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Typhoid Fever.

3rd L.—Prostatitis, Diseases of the Fallopian Tubes, Etc.

4th L.—Hemorrhoids, Hernia, Fistula, Lumbago.

5th L.—Sciatic Rheumatism, Diseases of the Bones of the Feet and Legs, Varicose Veins of Legs, Gout, Rheumatism, Scrofula of Shin Bone, Cold Feet, Anemia.

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faithfully, and was doing extraordinarily well, when he received a telegraphic request to fill a sudden engagement. He accepted, because of his friendship for the impresario, and wanted to postpone a treatment.

"This I refused to permit, and rather than cancel his appearance, Mr. Caruso left for the West just when his spine had begun to straighten out. Then, last December, the pillar fell on him in the temple scene, and after that he never recovered.

"The truth is, as the X-ray proves, that the previous falls had twisted most of the vertebrae in Mr. Caruso's spinal column. The vertebrae, displaced, were in much the position shown on the chart in the smaller drawing. They pinched the nerves leading to several organs, choking the nerve supply. Among these organs were the lungs and the pleura. On that point, chiropractic science agrees with medical science—Mr. Caruso died of pleurisy.

"The bodily nerve system, ramifying every part of the body, converges at the spinal cord. The spinal cord is encased within the spinal column, which is a succession of movable bones, separated from each other by discs of elastic cartilage, thus providing elasticity to the body's main support. The spinal cord is a closely bound bundle of nerves which branch away at various points on their way to all parts of the body. In branching out, these nerves must pass through and between the movable spinal bones.

"It is possible for one or more of these movable spinal bones to become slightly displaced, out of alignment—enough so that the nerve trunks are pinched, or unduly tensed. All these facts are accepted as such by medical practitioners as well as chiropractors.

"Now we claim that all body processes are controlled through the nerve system, that health is a matter of free and uninterrupted flow of nerve energy and that when one or more of the movable spinal bones are out of alignment and pressure against, unduly pinches the nerves as they pass through and between these spinal

bones, imperfect bodily functioning is bound to occur.

"The blows that Mr. Caruso sustained seriously displaced spinal bones, and largely shut off the flow of nerve energy to the thorax, and the entire upper part of his body. This deprived the parts of their normal vitality, and, as a result, inflammation, and inflammation then set in.

"When Mr. Caruso came to me two years ago I told him that his only recourse lay in having his spinal bones thoroughly and completely adjusted to normal position. This would take some time, as in the process of adjustment it is necessary to give many treatments, until the tendons, muscles, etc., become accustomed to their normal position and can be trained to remain there.

"Pleurisy is practically identical with pneumonia, except that pleurisy is that phase of pneumonia more particularly related to the thoracic wall. In pleurisy the lungs are always involved in the same way and manner as in pneumonia, but not to such an extent. The symptoms are identical except that there is less congestion of the head, the cough is not so pronounced and there is not such a copious discharge of mucus.

"If in such cases the spinal bones are adjusted to the normal position pleurisy is of short duration. Without such adjustment the condition progresses to the point where there is a hole in the thoracic cavity. This condition requires what is called 'aspiration'—or the projection of a hollow needle through the thoracic wall to procure incision from the pleural cavities. This operation was performed on Mr. Caruso several times, I understand.

"It was the older pruning the plants when the hose had a kink in it. Even at this point chiropractic science could have restored the bodily functions by straightening out the kinks, and the accumulation of pus or fibrin or serum would have dried off naturally and without an operation. If the matter is not drained off abscesses and septic inflammation result.

"The real cause of Mr. Caruso's death is the fact that he did not have these bones placed in order, and nature, therefore, could not bring her restorative forces into play."

"I Got a Black Eye; But I Won a Million Dollars"

Peggy Joyce, the Show Girl, Who "Cost a Million to Marry and a Million to Get Rid Of" Discusses Her Divorce and Her Next Matrimonial Venture



"You notice the poor lonesome third finger of my little left hand is empty. That Chicago divorce judge took my wedding ring away. But you watch that finger! It's worn the wedding rings already—and you'll see another one there pretty soon," said Peggy Joyce.

Peggy on the Sands at Palm Beach, Florida—Does She "Look Like a Million Dollars" in This Photograph?

Peggy Joyce in the Stage Costume Which Attracted Millionaire Joyce to Seek Her for a Wife.

"YOU notice the poor lonesome third finger on my little left hand is empty. That Chicago divorce judge took my wedding ring away. But you watch that finger! It's worn three wedding rings already—and you'll see another one there pretty soon."

It was Peggy Joyce, the former New York showgirl, commenting on the verdict in her divorce suit which handed aside her assertion that Mr. James Stanley Joyce was a horrid, cruel man and decided that Peggy herself had been bad. So her millionaire third husband got his divorce and Judge Sabath put it on the record he proved that Peggy was guilty in at least two instances of the wifely misconduct which always entitles a husband to his freedom.

"I got a black eye—but I have won just about an even million dollars," Peggy continued, flicking the ashes from the end of her cigarette and still regarding the blaze of jewels which surrounded her ringless wedding finger.

"How I love jewels—when I don't have to pay for them. Mr. Joyce was as kind and liberal—for a while. Then he wanted them back again. Now, that wasn't a bit nice. So I'm keeping the jewels. 'Now a million dollars' worth—not so bad 'so you think'."

Stuffing her gaze from her jeweled fingers to the tip of her cigarette, she continued:

"Life is too short! This, coming from a girl still in her twenties, who has crowded the experience of fifty women into less than ten years. At the time when most women are thinking about how they can make bread pudding so that it will look like something else, Peggy is divorced from her third millionaire husband and is looking about for a fourth. If she preserves her present matrimonial average until she is fifty, she will retire with a dozen ex-husbands routed by an army of their rivals, and many millions of dollars worth of jewelry, coats, furs, furniture, motors (Peggy can't get along without three limousines) and town and country houses as souvenirs of a very entertaining life."

J. Stanley Joyce, Peggy's last husband testified under oath during the divorce proceedings that his few brief months of married life with Peggy cost him \$1,300,000—and the young lumberman probably wasn't telling the half of it—he was ashamed to. And it had cost him just a million to win Peggy.

It is cost him almost a million to tame Peggy, the money he spent getting "a" of her, according to the testimony. "I paid the total amount that young Mr. J. —on charge on against experience to more than \$2,000,000. This includes the cash settlement of \$800,000 made during the divorce proceedings, the heavy expense of getting the evidence against his wife, and the countless other incidentals to the suit."

Rather a high appraisal to put on Peggy's charms. Even supposing Mr. Joyce to have been with his bride constantly during those three months of his honeymoon, he would be paying for her society at the rate of \$665,000 a month, or \$2,222.22 a day. This leaves hardly anything for the milkman.

Was PEGGY worth it—is there some where in the world some other man standing ready to pay a couple of millions for a three months' honeymoon with her?

"That's just what Peggy is going to look around and find out. In fact, she has already prospected the ground somewhat in Paris and there are said to be one or two very good possibilities awaiting her there. Considering that Peggy began life on a very humble scale in a small town, without a nickel to her name, and with the local barber as her best matrimonial bet, one might suppose that at this rate she was doing rather well."

Joyce thinks so—now. But not Peggy. Thinking it over, she sees now that her last husband was actually stupid! When he heard all those terrible things people were saying about her friendships with her titled and titled admirers here and in Europe and started suit for divorce, he cut down her support to a measly \$125 a month until the case came to trial—hardly enough for her hot bills. What if people were saying things about her? Everybody who is anybody is talked about. Unfortunately, however, the same things were repeated under oath from the witness stand in Judge Joseph Sabath's divorce court by Miss Hannah Nordstrom, Peggy's personal maid, and Julia Sawdon, her social secretary, both of whom said they were in a position to know what was going on over in gay Beauville and Paris in the absence of Mr. Joyce.

"We made a trip to Venice with Mr. Lebellier," said Mrs. Sawdon. (M. Lebellier is a multi-millionaire editor and sportsman of Paris, and one of the distinguished dozen correspondents in the divorce case.) "On the train there and back, M. Lebellier and Mrs. Joyce occupied the same compartment day and night."

"At Venice we stopped at the Europe Hotel, M. Lebellier and Mrs. Joyce occupied the same suite. We were there seven days. He paid the transportation and hotel bills. He also showered her with gifts and jewels."

At the time this excursion is said to have taken place, Mr. Joyce had been about home to America to take care of his lumber interests, his honeymoon over. Mrs. Sawdon continued with some details of Peggy's trip to London a little later:

"The first night we were there, we met Edgar James," she said. (The amiable Mr. James is said to be an international character whose society is much sought after by the police.) "A night or two later I opened my door and saw Mrs. Joyce come out in her night clothes. She said: 'All is well.'"

"Then out stepped Mr. James. He said goodnight to her and left. After he had gone she sent him this radio message: 'I miss you. Very lovingly. Return.'"

"Did she see much of M. Lebellier after he returned to Paris?" Mrs. Sawdon was asked by Joyce's attorneys.

"No," replied Mrs. Sawdon. "She had met Prince Viora, of Albania, and was with him most of the time. She told me the Prince was in love with her, and that she was going back to America and get a divorce so she could marry him."

Mr. James Stanley Joyce Who Paid a Handsome Price for the Experience of Being Peggy's Husband for Three Months.

One morning I served them their breakfast in bed, but he usually left at about eight o'clock in the morning. Once he returned in the morning and said he wanted to go back to sleep. I do not know how long he stayed.

"Mrs. Joyce told me that Mr. Spalding had lots of money, but was not good looking enough for her."

The testimony of Hannah, the maid, was equally definite. Hannah went so far as to indicate that the pretty Peggy had been so indifferent as to have an affair right under her husband's nose, just after the ceremony, and before the honeymoon.

"She went to Hot Springs, Va.," Hannah testified, "having Mr. Joyce back in Chicago. There she met Barton French, a New York society man. Mrs. Joyce spent some of the time at his home."

"Often Mr. Joyce, back in Chicago, would call her up over the long distance telephone during the evening, but Mrs. Joyce had it arranged so that the calls were transferred to the home of Mr. French, and she talked to her husband from there."

After repeating Mrs. Sawdon's story of what happened in Europe, including the details of Peggy's alleged clandestine friendship for the Duke d'Ureval, Hannah switched the story back to New York and Peggy's return.

"Mrs. Joyce would come home early in the evening," she said, "and Mr. Evans Spalding would come in a little later. He had a key to the door upstairs and we left the upstairs door unlatched for him. He would go into her room."

"One morning I served them their breakfast in bed, but he usually left at about eight o'clock in the morning. Once he returned in the morning and said he wanted to go back to sleep. I do not know how long he stayed."

"Mrs. Joyce told me that Mr. Spalding had lots of money, but was not good looking enough for her."

"No," replied Mrs. Sawdon. "She had met Prince Viora, of Albania, and was with him most of the time. She told me the Prince was in love with her, and that she was going back to America and get a divorce so she could marry him."

When she parted with Mr. Joyce, he awarded her the following contested equivalent of their marriage: One Roll-Royce automobile, two Renault automobiles, furnishings of her New York apartment valued at \$210,000, two fur coats worth \$40,000 each, wrist watch, \$2,700; pocket watch, \$1,250; diamond and sapphire bracelet, \$280; jade necklace, \$3,600; miscellaneous items, \$6,911; diamond and emerald wrist watch, \$3,500; emerald and diamond brooch, \$15,000; pearl necklace (old pearls), \$125,000; marquis diamond ring, \$54,100; square diamond ring (17 karats), \$54,500; square diamond bracelet, \$21,220; another square diamond bracelet, \$15,500; square diamond ring, \$55,600; diamond watch bracelet, \$1,100; sapphire and diamond bracelet, \$1,500; emerald bracelet, \$4,400; emerald ring, \$25,000; diamond brooch, \$5,600; pearl necklace and sapphire bracelet, \$4,300.

Mr. Joyce had sued for the recovery of these trifling objects of his esteem, which constitute only a part of Peggy's collection; but he decided to let it go. Peggy's lawyers were getting up a fight that might go on for years, and it is rumored Mr. Joyce is in a hurry to marry again.

First before his relinquished claim to the hoard of diamonds and jewels, with which Mr. Joyce had sentimental associations, valued at about \$125,000. They do not include the diamond tiara which she bought and changed to Joyce at a cost of \$147,000 francs, and for which Joyce is being sued by Carter, of Paris. She had previously promised to return this tiara.

Now it's all over Peggy is glad. She says it will give her a chance to play again and Peggy chose love to play.

There are only two things that worry her. One is Judge Sabath's verdict, which completely exonerates Mr. Joyce and supports Peggy, but the presupposition of a lack of good business sense is involved. There's a flock of bankers floating around Europe, looking for women with money, and she has only a million or so.

Do you think I am going to go into society with some broken down foreigner? I am in good health comes along, and he looks good to me. I'll take another chance with a fourth husband."

"Providing, of course," she added, "that he can support me in the style to which I am accustomed."

A million to win Peggy and a million to get rid of her—was she worth it?

The Real Secret of the Prince of Wales' Trip to India?

To Marry a Rich Maharajah's Daughter and Smooth Out the Mutinous Disaffection of England's Most Precious Possession?

LONDON, Nov. 9.—WHEN the young Prince of Wales left England the other day for his great visit to India there was an unusually emotional scene.

Queen Mary, undisturbed and strong and self-possessed, was observed to shed five tears as she bade good-by to her son, while his only sister, Princess Mary, wept copiously as she clung to his arm. Even his father, except on the point of giving way to unmanly tears. All the members of the royal family present seemed greatly agitated.

Why all this emotion on the occasion of a pleasant trip to India and other parts of the British Empire? It is true that the present disturbed state of India may be a cause of anxiety, but the Prince will be amply protected by troops and by expert, experienced advisers. Moreover, his family have never wanted to make a mollycoddle of him by keeping him out of all danger.

The reason for their emotion was a sentimental one. It has been represented to the King and Queen that it would be a splendid stroke of policy for the British Empire if the Prince of Wales were to marry a ducky princess of India. Since his visit to the United States and to various British colonies the young Prince has been declared "the best ambassador the British Empire ever had."

If the Prince succeeded in contracting a marriage that would reconcile the murmuring millions of India to the British Empire he would do by far the best work of his life for the Empire.

India is the most important of all the British possessions in point of population. Its more than 200,000,000 people furnish a greater market to the British merchant than any other territory. But India is in a state of unrest bordering on rebellion from one end to the other. In several recent parts rebellion has actually broken out.

Under the leadership of the fanatical Mahatma Gandhi and other Hindus a great "disobedience revolt" against British rule has been started. The natives are to refuse all obedience to British officials and to refuse to pay all taxes. To the guns of a small army they will oppose the passive resistance of millions.

Gandhi and his followers have already ordered the Hindus to boycott British goods. The people of the thickly populated province of Bengal have already followed this order to a great extent.

This British business men are threatened with the loss of the Indian market at a time when they need it most. All efforts to stop the discontent in India seem hopeless. The disaffection which

was always felt by a large population has recently been increased. The distress and high prices which have followed the war have done most to enrage the Hindus. They feel that they are suffering for something that was no business of theirs.

The brutal treatment of the population of Amritsar by the British commander exterminated millions of Hindus. The experiences of the Hindu troops on the western front in the war had not increased the loyalty of the dusky population.

The British Government has tried one measure after another to pacify the population, but without success. The Amritsar general has been dismissed. The British Government has sent out the ablest Jew of England, Earl Reading, as Viceroy of India, because Jews understand the subtleties of Hindus and Mohammedans better than ordinary Englishmen.

A British commission has been sent out to plan some measure of self-government for the Hindus. All ranks of the civil service have been thrown open to natives. But all these measures have failed them unsatisfied, and the followers of Gandhi have increased by thousands daily.

The truth appears to be that the Hindus are disaffected mainly because they are governed by men of a different race. All the good measures of the British come to lie against this. These Hindus would



The Prince of Wales in an Attractive Medieval Costume, Which Realizes the Fairy Book Ideal of a Prince



One of the Solid Gold Cannon, Drawn by Oxen Covered with Scarlet and Gold Trappings, Which Form Part of the Ostentatious Pomp of the Maharajah of Baroda.

rather be ill-governed by men of their own race than well-governed by foreigners.

How would it be possible to satisfy this Hindu desire and still keep India in the Empire? After thinking hard on this subject some unusually ingenious Englishmen came to the conclusion that the only way would be to put somebody in the Empire for the throne of India.

And how could that be done without separating India from the Empire? By arranging a marriage between the Prince of Wales and some Hindu maiden. In this way the future King of England and Emperor of India would have a Hindu queen and empress. The thought that a woman of their race was at the head both of English and Hindu society would fill the Hindus with pride and loyalty. No less a person than Earl Reading, the new Viceroy, is believed to be behind this clever scheme.

Gandhi's followers. It is argued, form only a small fraction of the Hindu population, but a great danger to England lies in the indifference of the rest of the population. If this feeling could be changed into one of loyalty and affection by the marriage of the Prince then the rebellious element would soon disappear.

There are practical reasons for believing that a queen of native race would do much to pacify the Hindus. In the great states of India, which have been left under as-

trict princes the natives are much more contented, though probably worse governed than in the purely British provinces. More than half of India is governed by these native princes, chief of whom are the Maharajah of Baroda, the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharajah of Mysore. Purely local affairs are left to them, but the British Government does not allow them to have relations with foreign powers.

Why should not the Prince of Wales make himself supremely useful to the Empire by marrying one of these Hindu princesses? Would it not be a good thing for himself and the Empire?

The King of England has little to do in his own country. He has practically no political power. His public acts are planned for him so thoroughly by others that he is little more than an automaton. The only opportunity for the King to develop his own personality lies in activity in foreign countries or in distant parts of the British Empire.

Of course, it would be unreasonable to expect King George to display any unusual enterprise. But with the Prince of Wales it is different. He is young and ambitious. By the simple act of marriage he can serve his country and make a name for himself.

Although the suggestion sounds startling, there is really nothing objectionable in the proposal to marry a Hindu girl. The Hindus are of the same race as Europeans,



Laxmivilas Palace, the Magnificent Dwelling of the Maharajah of Baroda.

The Almost Unbelievable Wealth of the Maharajah of Baroda.

A diamond necklace valued at \$10,000,000.
The famous "Star of the South" diamond, which once belonged to the Emperor Napoleon, valued at \$3,000,000.
A leaf-shaped diamond, weighing 171 carats, which was once the most prized jewel of the Mogul Emperors of India.
A sash containing 8,619 pearls, 54 emeralds and 27 rubies, costing \$300,000.
Trousers encrusted with 5,598 pearls, 312 diamonds, 26 rubies and 48 emeralds, worth \$50,000.
Shoes studded with 8,800 pearls, 62 emeralds and 92 rubies, costing \$20,000.
Epaulettes containing 1,742 diamonds and 172 emeralds, worth \$50,000.
An aigrette formed of 203 diamonds, set in gold, worth \$150,000.
A diamond tassel valued at \$50,000.
A wristlet set with 263 diamonds and eight rubies, valued at \$10,000.
A watch set with 450 diamonds, valued at \$20,000.
A chain of 332 diamonds and one emerald, worth \$9,000.
A pin containing 788 diamonds and 99 rubies, worth \$20,000.
A brooch set with 145 diamonds, valued at \$15,000.
A finger ring with diamond shield two inches long, valued at \$30,000.
Ten solid gold cannon, containing \$3,200,000 worth of gold.
Five solid gold carriages, worth \$2,000,000.
Fifteen solid silver cars, worth \$750,000.
Ten solid gold elephant howdahs, adorned with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, valued at \$15,000,000.
Twenty solid silver guns, valued at \$950,000.
Twenty-five rugs and carpets, woven of pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds, valued at \$3,500,000.

The Prince in Happy Mood at a Social Affair.

and many of the girls are very pretty and refined. Their charm has been recognized in European high society, where many of them have been seen recently.

One great advantage of the Hindu princely families is that they have an unlimited supply of daughters. The princes are polygamous and only the members of the harem know how many daughters there are. The Prince would therefore have an extensive choice.

Chief among the Princes of India in wealth and in several other respects is the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda—the two titles mean "Prince" in different Indian languages. This Prince is noted all over the world for his fairy-like palaces and for his priceless collections of jewels.

It is precisely in this Baroda family that the Prince of Wales has been advised to seek a bride and where he is most likely to find what he wants. Policy suggests irregularly that he should look for a bride there.

The King and Queen of England held a great coronation dinner at Delhi in 1911 to announce their accession to the throne to the princes and natives of India. The native princes were all arranged at the



The Princess Indira of Baroda, the Connelly Recently Married Sister of the Prince Who is Likely to Become the Prince of Wales's Bride.

ceremony according to their importance and required to do obeisance.

At the moment when the Maharajah of Baroda should have been bowing respectfully to the King he turned his back. The action was too marked to be overlooked by the British. Later several British officers had an interview with the Maharajah and forced him to make an apology, but it was a sorry and unwilling one.

Ever since then the Maharajah has been a secret enemy of the British in India. As a Prince he cannot sympathize with the communistic Gandhi, but he will do nothing against him. The millions of warlike subjects of the Maharajah must be counted as possible enemies.

If the Prince of Wales's marriage could convert this rampaging Maharajah into a faithful ally of the British Empire, he would make a name for himself. It happens that the favorite daughter of the Maharajah, the pretty Princess Indira, was recently married to a neighboring native prince, a Maharajah of Gwalior.

The irony, which was attended by many of the European aristocracy, aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the native observers at it if the Prince of Wales could marry one of the other daughters the affair could excite the same enthusiasm.

Up to this time it had been supposed that the Maharajah had only one daughter, but visit were agreeably surprised to note that there was a large collection of pretty little coffee-colored maidens of all ages. The wedding guests were amazed at the



The Wealthy Rajah of Sikkim's Daughter Also Mentioned as a Bride for the Prince but Less Suitable on Account of Her Mongolian Blood

splendor of the Maharajah's court. His Highness spends \$2,000,000 a year on his court, which is six times the amount allowed to King George.

On the occasion of one of his many marriages he spent \$2,800,000 on the festivities.

When his favorite daughter, Princess Indira, was married, he spent \$150,000, exclusive of the fifteen carloads of precious stones, which she carried away as presents.

Laxmivilas Palace at Baroda, the principal residence of the Maharajah, where the wedding occurred, is an Arabian Nights dream of luxury and Oriental fantasy. It contains all the traditional delights of the Orient and European plumbing and comforts in addition. Outside Baroda is the country palace of Mokurajpur, with grounds covering hundreds of square miles, in which are preserves of tigers, lions and other wild animals.

At Bombay, in British territory, he has an exquisite palace on the hillside overlooking the beautiful bay. There is a Summer palace at Ootacamund, the favorite hot weather resort of Southern India.

The Maharajah amuses himself with a thoroughness unknown to any modern European King. He maintains huge establishments of fighting elephants, buffaloes, bullocks, rams and roosters. Trained parrots, acrobats and wrestlers perform for his pleasure, while dancers, singers and actors are on the regular payroll.

The Maharajah maintains the largest and most magnificent harem ever known in the Orient. It is called a "Zenana" in Hindi. At one time the Maharajah allowed the English to understand that he disapproved of the polygamy practiced by his ancestors and that he only kept the harem out of kindness, as a home for aged and indigent females, but recent events have shown this to be an error. His Highness spends a good deal of time in the seclusion of the harem, where prying eyes cannot follow him.

Of course, there is as inexhaustible supply of eligible girls in India from whom the Prince might choose his bride. On the extreme northeast border the population is Mongolian. In it the province of Sikkim, the Maharajah of Sikkim has some interesting little daughters of the almond-eyed variety, but a union with one of these would be less suitable for the Prince than with one of Caucasian type.

How Wrinkled Old Women Get Baby Complexions

Three Hours of Misery in the Operator's Chair and Nine Days Immovable in Bandages, (and \$5,000,) the Cost of Going Through Life "With Face Undated"



Applying the Hot Electric Needle Up and Down the Furrows of the Face in M. Astard's Paris Complexion Laboratory.

FOR years fashionable American women have gone to Paris for hats and gowns intended to set off their complexion and charms more effectively than anything obtainable on this side of the water. There they find designers who compose gowns to harmonize with the tint of the skin of the rest of a nose or the shape of an eyebrow—anything, in fact, to convince the worried customer that dressmaking surpasses make-up as a fine art, and that only in Paris has it reached the limit of its artistic development. So the tradition grows, and millions of women flock to Paris for the next new thing under the sun, which happens just now to be M. Astard's face hospital.

This unique institution, where the woman of means may buy a new and youthful face, has an interesting correlation with this dressmaking business. Formerly women sought gowns as an effective setting for their faces. Now they may buy face to set off the gowns; they have always wanted to wear and grown too old to grace.

Indeed, it is now possible to accomplish a miracle which Nature never contemplated or intended—a wrinkled old woman may achieve a baby's complexion and live out the rest of her days with her face undated. Of course, the surgeons who are specializing in this delicate science of amputating years and the lines and furrows the years have brought are charging a handsome price, and the operation is long, tedious and painful.

Long before Ponce de Leon ended his famous world journey looking for the Fountain of Youth, and over since then, men and women have gone to strange lengths to rub out from their faces the dates time has stamped upon their countenances. The French have been particularly persistent in the effort to rejuvenate the aged. Many and peculiar have been the efforts and schemes to hide the tell-tale ravages of time.

For a few years the scheme of injecting hot paraffin into the hollow spaces of sunken cheeks was tried, but this passed out of vogue. Then came the efforts of surgery to slice out small bits and draw up and tighten the larger tissues, and thus iron out the wrinkles. But nothing satisfactory has yet been devised by the mind of man to remove the tell-tale marks of advancing years.

And now comes the newest French method, which it is claimed has none of the disadvantages of the former means—that is, in the results it achieves, although the woman who undergoes the treatment must suffer an amount of torture that seems almost inconceivable.

The process is a startling one—from the face every inch of wrinkled skin is burned away.

For nine days the patient suffers in a sense, and during all that time she may not eat or talk or smile. An occasional injection of morphine is given her to lessen the agony and produce unconsciousness that passes for sleep. Otherwise the patient looks pitifully at the setting out of a face that is laid in bandages and suffers without moving a muscle of her face for to do that would leave a line

that would like another operation necessary.

So many women are eager to be thus skinned alive that M. Astard, originator of the process, is doing a brisk business. Sometimes it is necessary to make appointments months ahead of the actual operation.

When M. Astard is ready to begin the patient is notified. She (and quite often he) arrives at the hospital with sufficient clothing for the nine days that are required and \$5,000, which are forthwith handed over. She is received by a nurse in a uniform of white, and presented to M. Astard, a middle-aged, slightly built man, who wastes no time getting down to business.

Instantly he signals the patient to an adjustable chair resembling that of a dentist, and expertly adjusts it and gets to work. Many others are waiting for new faces and M. Astard needs the money.

The face is bathed with an antiseptic solution by the nurse while M. Astard is adjusting his vibrating electric needle and a local anesthetic administered to dull the pain of the needle-pricks.

If the objectionable lines are around the eyes the fine needle is suddenly jabbed into the flesh at that point and the current turned on. The needle quivers under the current as it tears into the tissue under the sure hand of the operator. M. Astard finds it a good plan to explain things as he goes along, thus soothing his patient's stinging nerves.

"This, madame," he says, as he sticks and jabs, "is his tiny needle," "is the postive role of electricity. Its purpose is to create connecting tissue. The wrinkles we are getting at must be filled like a ditch. The positive current is thickening the tissue and joining the sides by filling the furrow up with new tissue. The negative pole has just the opposite effect; it liquefies the tissue."

"Jab!" The needle is pushed full length into the wrinkle. Swiftly M. Astard draws it out and inserts it at another point, and another, and another, until the patient is writhing in nervousness and some pain, in spite of the anesthetic.

Soon one wrinkle has been pierced in a score of places, stimulating the flow of blood and thickening the tissues. And now

1—After the Face Has Been Bathed with an Antiseptic Solution and a Local Anesthetic to Dull the Pain the Operator Goes Up and Down the Lines of All the Wrinkles, Puncturing the Skin with a Fine Electric Needle and Driving in a Positive Current of Electricity to Fill Up the Furrows.



Seven Steps in the New Process of Skinning the Face.

2—All Protruberances of the Face Are Now Gone Over with the Electric Needle, but This Time the Negative Current of Electricity is Used to Liquefy and Disperse the Protruding Tissues.



3—Now Comes the Skinning of the Face, Which is Accomplished by Burning off the Skin with a White Hot Electric Cautery Pencil and the Skin Begins to Smoke and Sizzle.



4—The Raw Flesh of the Punctured and Burned Face is Now Covered with a Cotton Mask Lined with Melted Wax Which Contains an Anesthetic to Reduce the Pain.



Photograph of the Patient After the Skin of the Face Has Been Burned Off. The Raw Flesh is Covered With a Mask of Cotton Smeard on the Inside With Melted Wax.

sheathed in asbestos—a cautery pencil for the purpose of skinning the patient's face. The current is snapped on and the wires within the pencil become white hot. The asbestos surrounding them is so arranged that only a portion of this heat can be given off.

Firmly the pencil is passed over the wrinkles which have already been punctured and the skin begins to sizzle. With his right hand the operator guides the pencil; with his left, he holds some absorbent cotton which has been dipped into a powerful anesthetic, which, at the same time acts as a local anesthetic and partly relieves the torment caused by the burning skin.

This work goes on until the skin—that part of it that is to be renewed—is literally burned off. Often, at the patient's request, this treatment includes parts of the neck, back and shoulders where fresh, pink skin would be becoming.

The nurse then hands the operator a quantity of absorbent cotton in which melted wax has been kneaded, and it is fashioned into a living death mask over the patient's face. The substance is wet and clinging and saturated with a cooling anesthetic that, however, only partly relieves the pain.

Usually an injection of morphine is then administered to the patient and she may sleep for two hours, when the third step of the operation is taken. The burning process has occupied an hour or more, depend-

ing upon the quantity of skin the patient wishes renewed.

The third operation is the covering of the patient's face with a thin paste, made of tannic acid and lanolin, or, if convenient, with Russian oil and vaseline. The nurse holds a little china pot containing the paste. The operator uses a long artist's brush, made of the softest hair, with which he patiently paints every tiny area of the patient's stinging face.

This is what M. Astard calls the "most important and most annoying" feature of the process, as the patient is likely to become restless and twitch, which means that the needle must be used on the lines that have again formed on the raw surfaces. The greater number of women, however, go through this process with rigorous stoicism.

The paste applied, the patient's face is then delicately plastered with oddity cut pieces of tissue paper, one covering the cheek, another the chin, others laid over the old lines and future curves. Their purpose is to screen the wet mask from dust particles.

The entire face is then dressed in bandages with openings for the eyes, mouth and nose, and the patient is laid away until healing begins.

For nine days she must not speak, or

move her mouth. She is fed through a tube with fluids, milk and thin soups. She must not even moisten her lips with her tongue—it might make a wrinkle. A single irritated expression would leave its line on the plastic, scorched skin. So she remains silent and alone, looks up at the ceiling and wonders if it was worth while.

For nine days she wanders, and on the tenth M. Astard comes along, smiles professionally and removes the bandages and with them the remaining patches of old skin that have been shed like that of a snake.

Nor is this a very pleasant thing. Like the enchanted beauty from her cot on which she has tossed for more than two hundred consecutive tormented hours, and the first words are always the same:

"A mirror, quick!"

And when they look at the faces from which every line of character has been burned away and left as vacant as a doll's, meaningless in expression and content; do they wish they and their \$5,000 and their "face back?"

Ask M. Astard, who has the greatest difficulty in avoiding being blazed by his rather naive but suddenly rejuvenated and joyous clientele.



5—After Two Hours the Wax and Cotton Mask is Removed and the Patient's Face is Painted With a Thin Paste of Tannic Acid and Lanolin. This Must Be Done as Carefully as an Artist Paints a Portrait.



6—After the Paste Has Been Applied the Face is Then Deliberately Plastered With Odd Sized Pieces of Tissue Paper to Keep Dust Particles from Settling into the Wet Paste.



7—The Entire Face is Finally Dressed in Bandages With Openings for the Eyes, Mouth and Nose, and the Patient is Laid Away for Nine Days, During Which Time She Must Not Speak, Frown or Smile. She is Fed with Liquids Through a Funnel and Tube to the Mouth.

The Final Operation of Plastering Odd Sizes of Tissue Paper Over the Face to Keep Dust Particles Out of the Layer of Paste.

the operator begins on another, swiftly piercing each line and crease until the final part of the long process is at an end, and the most painful part by any means—that is yet to come.

The patient, with her face stinging, has submitted when the white-capped nurse hands M. Astard something that resembles a large black crayon, connected to a socket in the wall by an electric wire. It contains a network of electric wires.

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Great Britain: Hesperus House.

More Gray Hair- Days & Science

**Wonderful, Colorless, Stainless
Liquid Restores Normal Color.
Results in a Week.
Secret Sought by Thousands Now
Revealed to Men and Women
Who Want to Banish Gray Hair.**

What is the story your mirror tells? Have you reason to feel that your friends are whispering, "She is showing her age. See how gray she is?" Are you a man still full of the ability to win and yet regarded as "too old" for a service because your hair is gray? But, no matter how gray your hair, you have it in your power to see it restored to its former color with all the glossy richness which it showed in early years.

"I have tried so many things," you say. "All the hair dyes ever sold, and yet you forget the failures. They are past. Now you are to be told the secret of restoring the natural color without the use of dye or stain. You are to be shown how in the privacy of your own room, with hardly an effort, you can make a change which will bring youth to your appearance, joy to your heart.

A Remarkable Discovery at Your Service

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is simply hair that has ceased to receive its normal supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells called follicles and papillae in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair or lack of circulation, etc.

It was due to the skill of a painstaking chemist that the proper combination of ingredients was found for a solution which quickly stimulates the follicles and papillae, causing them again to secrete and give the necessary pigment supply, and which also improves the scalp nutrition so that this pigmentation is kept up. This wonderful treatment comes in the form of a liquid, pure and colorless as water and containing the health-giving properties which quickly renew the functions upon which the hair depends for its strength and color. Simply apply it to the scalp and soon you see the lost color returning to give your hair its former luxuriance and beauty. And, remarkable as it may seem, this wonderful preparation is not sticky, greasy or messy, and it will not stain either the skin or the finest fabrics. It is as agreeable to apply as the purest water.

Now you have the secret. Its name is Kolor-Bak. And now also you have the means to banish your grayness simply by giving the necessary aid to Nature.

Pure and Colorless as Water

Kolor-Bak is just what we have described above—a stimulator and a strengthener of the hair follicles and papillae. By putting them in their natural condition it enables the hair to obtain its color in the natural way.

You will find also that Kolor-Bak brings perfect uniformity in the restored color. It will be the same color from roots to tips. As the hair grows it will not be dark on top, and gray beneath. It will not appear streaked or faded. You get this remarkable uniformity of color because under the influence of Kolor-Bak the follicles and papillae supply the natural color at the very hair roots and give every hair the nourishment it needs. And, wash and clean your hair as often as you wish, the restored color will not be changed because it is within—actually a part of the hair—not on the surface.

You not only have this uniformity but see your hair the actual shade it had in the past. Application of this remarkable liquid to gray hair means that hair once brown becomes brown once more, once red it becomes red, once black it becomes black, once blonde it becomes blonde. The one pure, colorless, solution does for all.

You will also see the wonderful "life" and lustre in your hair, for healthy, well-nourished follicles bring not only the return of the desired color but a new vitality. That

faded appearance is gone, any brittleness is absent also. Your hair is luxuriant, brilliant, soft, glistening, beautiful as it ever was in youth. Years seem to have rolled away—your age has gone with your grayness.

Think of what this change would mean to you. Not only the appearance of youth but the feeling that you really are young again. You will be simply amazed. Kolor-Bak must give you this or your test of it costs you nothing.

A Marvelous Relief for Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Thousands have found that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It quickly cleans the pores of the scalp matter which impedes circulation, and destroys the germs which feed upon the nourishing matter which should be absorbed by the cells and follicles and which cause the hair to become brittle or to fall out. Thus by removing the cause of the trouble, it brings the scalp and hair to a normal condition. The dandruff goes, the itching ceases and the hair grows thick and glossy, healthy and strong.

Kolor-Bak gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—it not only makes it clean, it makes it feel clean. It has no stickiness or greasiness. It is just a pure, clean, colorless liquid which contains only ingredients known to be beneficial for the purpose. No nitrate of silver, no mercury, no coal tar, no henna or sage tea, no wood alcohol or any other ingredient injurious to hair or scalp in Kolor-Bak.

This Guarantee Is Your Protection

You need not accept our statements that Kolor-Bak will do all we say. With every full treatment, we send our legal, written-binding agreement and guarantee—

—That Kolor-Bak will restore gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, and will promote the health of hair and scalp.

—Also that it contains only beneficial ingredients, and that it is harmless and stainless to scalp and hair.

Thousands Tell You How Kolor-Bak Helped Them

"I have used Kolor-Bak to my utmost satisfaction where others have failed."

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past."

"Words cannot praise Kolor-Bak enough."

"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"Delighted! One bottle did the work."

"My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"I would not take a thousand dollars for my Kolor-Bak," writes a grateful man who owes to Kolor-Bak the appearance of youth which enables him to hold his position.

"My hair turned gray when fighting in the trenches," writes a soldier of the "Old Hickory Division" (Tenn.). "Kolor-Bak has completely restored its former color."

From everywhere come words like the above praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

Always—Youthful Appearance Wins the Admiration



Gray haired—"Too old for active service"

Special Free Trial Offer to Readers of The American Weekly

We invite every reader of The American Weekly who has gray hair or who suffers from itching scalp, dandruff or falling hair to prove Kolor-Bak without risking a penny. To give you all the fullest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special proposition, particulars of which will be sent by mail to those who ask for it. No money to send, only the coupon.

No matter what you have used, unless you have already tried Kolor-Bak you have not found the truly natural way to restore the vanished color. Of course you will want to compare this scientific method with other kinds of treatment—and we want you to make the comparison at our risk. At that we can say, convincing as it may be, means nothing beside an actual test of Kolor-Bak.

When you see that wonderful change

come over your appearance, when you see youth return in the glorious abundance of healthy, luxuriant hair restored to its original color, when you enjoy that clean feeling which freedom from dandruff brings, when you see your hair stop falling out and when you are rid of itching scalp—then you will know Kolor-Bak as thousands of others know it.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon which not only entitles you to receive the free trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Treatment of the Hair—free. No need to send any sample of your hair, as the one pure Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair, regardless of former color. Mail only the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-36 West 38th St., Dept. 1131, Chicago, Ill.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and was becoming grayer and grayer. It was falling out. I began to look older. My scalp itched terribly. Showers of dandruff and scurf appeared whenever I combed my hair."

"I was simply amazed at the astonishing change produced by only a few applications of Kolor-Bak. The itching stopped with the first application. The dandruff disappeared. My hair soon stopped coming out. The most wonderful thing of all, however, is that my hair is again its original natural color—not one single gray hair to be found in my head. I look ten years younger and I really feel that much younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!"

COUPON

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES

3334-36 West 38th St., Dept. 1131, Chicago

Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free book on Treatment of the Hair and Scalp.

Name

Address

A Romance of the Time of Christ

forward slumped shoulders, her feet crossed, her plims knees apart. She was a fleshy woman, with the short, straight features of a beauty, and an ageing, yellowish skin, much creased at the neck.

Her sulky eyes were those of a wanton. They were darkened with kohl in such a manner that it seemed as though a foot-sledge surrounded each, and her chin was tattooed—a beauty-mark.

"My mother, it is morning," said the girl, Astarte, who stood now with hands locked behind her up-tilted head.

The chamber had lightened, and a little silver statuette of the composite Diana of Ephesus glimmered dully in a niche.

"Oh, morning is it? My head aches. I feel old—as old as though I'd borne and suckled you myself in very truth. I hate this town—it sickens me like a repulsive. It smells worse than Sion, and the men are like hired mourners at a funeral—all of them! When Ben-Namri said to me, 'In five days we go up to Jerusalem,' my stomach turned as though I had eaten sour curries."

She shut her mouth with a snap. Her eyes criticised the girl—an expert, appraising scrutiny.

"Come here to me, child."

Astarte moved to her, looking down at her sizzling.

"Child did I call you? You're no more a child than I am these days. A piece of perfection! A pear! A sweet almond to be cracked between a man's teeth!"

She pulled the girl down beside her.

Astarte, crouching on her heels, appeared to endure passively, with drooping shoulders.

"You'll fetch a price, my beauty! And we've kept you carefully. No man has laid so much as the tip of his finger on you since you reached eight years of age. You're as ignorant of the streets of a city as a babe, and I myself have trained you in everything. Stand up now and posture for me—it is good to practise when the muscles are soft from sleep."

Still passive, the girl rose. The seated woman reached up and patted her—much as one pats a favorite, elegantly shaped animal.

"There! Posture for me, there's a darling. You fill the eyes like a goddess of gold and ivory."

Astarte sighed, straightened her back and moved languidly into the centre of the chamber.

The sun was above the house-tops now. Metallic objects caught fire and colors were revived. The multiple browns of the Egyptian Diana glinted like clustered albatrosses.

The patterned red and black of the round sash-basket as resting as a spoke-wheel, and light filtered through the large red carapell that rested on the bosom of the elder woman.

Astarte's arms were at her sides, her down-turned palms very stiffly at right angles to them. A sort of shudder went over her, and then the wonderful play of the muscles began. Every inch of the body seemed to vibrate with life. It was marvellous, alluring—a wonder and an excitation.

"Show—the stomach dance. As I showed you yesterday."

The voice held something of the sharp catch of the best trainer. The oven-breasting of the girl, standing relaxed, was audible in the quiet of the chamber. It seemed a place apart—as far removed from the workaday consciousness of life as a potted iris set in the corner of a fallen woman's decked room is distant from a similar iris flowering by a pool where the village women wash their garments, chatting shrilly as they kneel in the mud.

"Oh, my mother—I am tired. It is an ugly dance."

"What's that? Am I deaf? Heavens! Dance for me—and keep your mouth shut or I'll teach you to open it wider than you wish!"

"There was no answer. The girl stood like a pained post, her head inclined, her eyes veiled."

"Dance!" screamed the woman. "Dance, you daughter of perdition! Your father was a devil, your mother was—"

Astarte whipped round, facing her. Her teeth were bared like an animal's, her eyes wild, widecast with reckless fury of a Mammoth.

"Be silent! or I'll kill you! May your father's grave be disordered! May you be smitten with leprosy! May the dogs devour you! I hate you—I spit on you!"

Her voice rose as shrilly as the others.

"There was a breathless second's pause.



An inarticulate, straining sound of rage came from the woman. With a sudden movement—wonderfully quick for one of her bulk—she rose right up.

"Your mother was a—I began the girl, but before the screaming insult was finished she turned and fled.

As she gained the doorway she ducked to avoid a thrown slipper. Shouted abuse and a string of abominable names hurled about her ears like a swarm of hornets as she scurried down an exterior flight of steps that led from the upper chamber to the floor of a cobble interior court.

This court was still in cold shadow. A hunting leopard, two-thirds grown, was tethered by a chain to a staple. He was sitting bolt upright like a chained dog. There were several cranes containing live peacocks, doves and parrots; and three or four fragile-looking, fawn-colored gazelles with lovely, frightened eyes stood close together in a doorway hung with a striped woollen curtain.

Astarte made straight for this doorway. Her feet were stained with the unclean moisture of the court, that smelt as musty as a beast-pit. She plunged past the curtain and fell with a crash into the arms of an old neeress—a shrunken bag of bones hung with half a dozen necklaces of blue beads.

"Dido—she is furious! She cut a slipper at me and would have whipped me. I hate her! I wish I could kill her!"

"Oh, hush! Oh hush! She shall not whip my princess—my lady of beauty—Dido will not let her."

With shiny beads she put a blanket of camel's hair about the naked girl. The lobes of her ears were drawn right down by the weight of many lustrous ornaments. She had the face of an old monkey, but the eyes were human, and they were the windows of a soul that had suffered.

Astarte crouched down at the knees of the old woman.

"Oh, Dido—I hate her so!"

Her teeth gritted, and a silver sweat through her.

"If they would only sell me! She spoke this morning of what I was worth. They are keeping me for a price. Day after day I offer a date or fig and a spoonful of wine to the silver goddess, but she does nothing for me. I do not believe that there are any gods, Dido. Oh, I wish they would sell me!"

She rose up, clad in the blanket of camel's hair, and crossed daintily to where the cheetah was chained. Putting her arms about it she fondled it, kissing the space between its small round ears.

"Presently they will sell you," she said, and the gazelles, and the peacocks, and the doves. But I shall remain—I am always left."

She stood up, and the camel's hair covering slipped from her shoulders. She resembled a dervish breaking from a dark sheath, every fibre of her throat for life as an unfurled flower for ruin.

"Dido, I want to see sea marble houses, and streets full of people, and all the things they sell in the streets. I want to stain my fingers with henna, and have a lapful of gold and silver ornaments—and see wrestling bouts, and beast fights, and a chariot race. I want to talk to girls, and dance before great men in a wonderful room with a vermilion ceiling and a marble floor that looks like running water. I want to smell roses and hear harp music and taste wine with honey in it."

Her head was tilted a little back. The whole pose of her eager, breathing body was that of one whose mouth is about to be kissed.

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CHAPTER II.

THE morning whose central first light had leaved the dusk of the chamber where was enshrined the Egyptian Diana was now hued as tenderly as a pink sea-shell drawn from the blue Mediterranean. The air was as fresh as the water that gushed when Moses struck the rock, and upon many house-tops just-risen vapors sat opposite to each other glistening cool.

Under the fugitive pink softness of the sunrise a young man standing upon a roof where he had passed the night vectored the pre-erected prayers that were his racial heritage.

Upon his forehead was bound a tiny square parchment box, no larger than an amulet. It contained a folded strip of vellum, upon which was minute writing: "Hear, O Israel: The Lord thy God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."

As he prayed his left arm was outstretched, and with his right hand he bound it about with thoughts of leather. And the manner of this binding revealed the word Shaddai, which is, in Hebrew, Almighty.

Thirteen hundred years before, the words that were written upon the strip of vellum had been delivered to the representatives of this young man in the stark and terrible, waterless country about Mount Sinai, a mountain of Arabia.

They had been delivered by a man whose face was like those of a sick mare, standing stolidly on flat, brown feet.

"And such a figure of a man!" went on the other, "as it is not so, Dimsah! Many's the time I say to myself: 'The girl that calls him husband will be a lucky one!'"

These mighty few girls in Jerusalem could console for him. Dimsah's father was it to sit with any of them. He should have had his seat in the Sanhedrin if right were right. A man of family—none here born in all Judea. If it hadn't been that he was taken with dropsy when his David was scarce weaned, sweet lambs!

"Yes," said Dimsah. And then, with extreme and sudden sharpness, "Hanna! Fetch Tobias!—he's in the street!" Tobias—

The woman to whom she spoke nodded her head. She was young, and regarded life with eyes that were like those of a sick mare, standing stolidly on flat, brown feet.

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"Yes," said Dimsah. And then, with extreme and sudden sharpness, "Hanna! Fetch Tobias!—he's in the street!" Tobias—

His face was beautiful, with that fine Semitic beauty that seems as it were, steeped to the lips in subtle, incommunicable melancholy and in the dignity of an exiled king—hardened with a thousand years of dreams and desert thought, yet lit with smouldering fires.

A white cloth covered his head as he prayed. On one side was the rolled-up mattress he had slept upon.

A cry of trumpet rang out across the quietening air—the tramp of the Roman legionaries.

The prayer ended. The roof on which the young man had stood, and whose level was marked by the round blister of a low dome, was empty.

Below, in the slanting house court that was common to the half a dozen families, and down whose centre ran a stream of liquid light, three women were talking. Beyond a low-browed stone arch, like a short tunnel, the traffic of a street, narrow and deep as a trench-cut, passed and repassed.

"When he was no higher than my hip he could quote Scripture like a rabbi. It would have brought the tears to your eyes to hear him! Such a dot as he was, with a head of curly hair as black as a goat's. The prettiest boy you ever saw, thought I'd his mother that says so."

He was the eldest woman speaking, shrivelled somewhat, and very yellow, with the narrow forehead of a congenital fool. Crescent-shaped and circular bits of metal, strung together, hung down on each side of her face.

His feet were sandals, and his head was uncovered.

Still ignorant of the three who watched him, he passed to a doorway marked by a ragged curtain of dark stuff, and entered.

The woman to whom she spoke nodded her head. She was young, and regarded life with eyes that were like those of a sick mare, standing stolidly on flat, brown feet.

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"There he goes!" said Naomi, her face wrinkled with maternal pride, her eyes glittering like black beads. "My David? Handsome as Abraham, and the best son a mother ever had. The way the girls watch him! Dimsah, the husband! But he pays no more attention to them than if they were a row of stones."

"I hope he makes his choice soon. I'm not getting younger, and I pray morning and evening that I may see my granddaughter. A queen's daughter would not be too good for him, but it brings me a decent, obedient girl of an honest family who can cook and sweep and doesn't sulk when she's spoken to. I won't complain."

There was a pause. Tobias still astride of Hanna's hip, began to squirm like a puppy, whining to be set down. The girl hummed him, putting him upon his feet, and then spat down by him, talking to him and rallying him with laughter like a mother of ten years' experience.

"Hanna's a good girl," said Dimsah, without apparent reference to anything that had been said. "She's as sensible as a grandmother. She bakes bread better than I do—I'll bring you a loaf. Yesterday we had a dish of dates and raisins steeped in vinegar, and my man said it was the best he'd ever tasted. She doesn't waste as much as a pinch of flour or a drop of oil either."

Naomi made a clicking sound with her tongue—a wordless expression of amiable assent.

"She'll make some man a fine wife," said Dimsah in a dreary voice. "I shall miss her, my mother bore only she and I, but she's ripe already for a son of her own."

There was a silence. Each undisturbed the other, but nothing further was said. The girl, Hanna, had risen and stood with her hands, her eyes still on Tobias.

To hear such children was her appointed destiny. She waited, passive, dutiful, receptive. At the rear of the house, on a cluster of three and four year olds were playing at marriages.

In the darkened den of a room, that was marked by the ragged curtain David, the son of Naomi, the widow of a never-wedded in whose veins had run the coveted blood of David, the root-king, sat on the edge of a raised floor that ran the length of the wall and was laid with a couple of frayed mattresses.

His strong and supple body was bent forward, his hands were clasped between his knees, his eyes and the fine lines of his mouth were those of a visionary, for he was tracing all his life and upon a picture of the mind that was dearer to him than the hot breath of life.

He saw, as from the summit of a high mountain, the country of his people—Judea, Galilee, Samaria—now the subjugated provinces of an empire, governed by its conquerors. The wonderful, enduring roads of Rome, radiating as the flight of an arrow, traversed it from north to south. The collectors of the Roman taxes sat in its cities, the columns of its tributes stamped with the image of Tiberius Caesar, passed familiarly from hand to hand.

The people had bread and wine and oil, but liberty had departed from them like a raven to a hill-top; the promises uttered to their fathers by a line of heroes and splendid prophets had been made void; and the glory of their God had passed like golden light from a long cloud.

This mind picture changed. To the watcher upon the summit of the high mountain the swarms of men, chinking and clanking and chiming in the streets and villages below, seemed suddenly like and around a vast, dark, and terrible flash of words, the windy waiting of sacred rain-born trumpets, the mighty effort of a thousand nations that in one strong convulsion hunt its bolts.

Again the mind picture changed. Jerusalem, the gray city, situated on the elevated flat of a mountain height, rang with the mellow clash of gongs. Its streets were strewn with incense and the fat savor of the priests cried like the strange voices of angels, smoke sweetened with incense and the fat savor of the roast flesh of rams and bullocks. But like a blast from the great East in the court of the temple of God.

The golden eagle standards of Rome were prominent. For the Messiah, the Deliverer, the Desire of the Jews, the King of Kings, and an empire mightier than that of Solomon. The King of the World, the King of Israel, and the world's words of the prophets were heard, bearing the gifts of kings and the robes of kings, clothed the narrow gates of the city, and

(Continued on Page

Astonishing Confessions of a Bogus Nobleman

"Count Gregory," Impostor, Adventurer and Stable Boy, Is Welcomed by the Astors and Rich American Wife, and Swindles, Blatantly



The Princess of Thurn and Taxis, who denounced me as a fraud in the presence of my guests at a dinner party at Delmonico's and almost upset my swindling career among the rich fashionables of America.

CHAPTER V.

By "Count" Bernard Francis Seraph Gregory

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(Continued from Last Sunday.)

LAST Sunday I concluded the narrative of my conspiracy with pretty Alma Hayne to blackmail and rob some of the fashionable New York multi-millionaires. I was an impostor, masquerading as a man of millions and a member of the titled nobility of Austria. Alma Hayne was also an impostor, masquerading as the "Princess Alma," love-child of the murdered Crown Prince of Austria.

An impostor is, of course, constantly in danger of being unmasked and exposed. Curiously enough, in the iniquitous working arrangement between Alma and myself there seemed to be elements of strength for each of us. In my pretended social status as an Austrian nobleman I was able to carry conviction in my indorsement of Alma as a princess with royal blood in her veins.

And she, in turn, as the child of the dead Hapsburg prince, was able to increase my prestige and strengthen my pretended claims by her constant references to my noble lineage and my social connections and estates in Austria.

And yet the fear of exposure always haunted me. I never knew at what moment I might come face to face with some genuine member of the Austrian nobility who would expose my sham and pretenses. Finally the day came when this very thing happened. And it happened under most embarrassing circumstances.

I was unmasked and exposed in the presence of a distinguished dinner party of which I was myself host and

by a very handsome woman of unquestionable Austrian nobility.

I would never have been able to escape discovery for so long a period as I had if I had picked an English title. There is a fairly close connection between New York fashionables and British men and women of title and social position. Indeed, many American women have married British titles, and many of their American friends have become familiar with British homes and social life. If I had posed as an Englishman of title I doubt if I could have maintained the fraud through even one social season in America.

This is to a somewhat less degree also true of French nobility. Americans travel the beaten path from New York to London and Paris so much that they have acquired a fairly good knowledge of French nobility. And here, too, there is the educational advantage which comes from the fact that not a few American heiresses have married French titles.

But to the American man or woman of fashion Austria seems as if it belonged almost to another world. The august dignity of the royal court at Vienna is, of course, well known. But there are not many American women of social position who had married into the Austrian nobility, and the difference in the language and the titles and the pronunciation of names seems to cover the whole Austrian court in a fog of ignorance and lack of understanding.

Therefore it was greatly to my advantage that I was posing as an Austrian nobleman and in my careless chatter I could safely rattle on in my pretended reminiscences of the great Prince Lichtenstein or the dashing Prince Windisch-gratz, or the distinguished Prince Rohan, or the

FASCINATED by the gay life of his noble masters, young Bernard Gruenebaum, a servant in the Imperial Palace in Austria, indulged himself in flirtations, intrigues and gambling, and soon had a record of scandal and debts almost worthy of the titled nobility he was imitating.

But young Gruenebaum was a servant who had come up from stable boy to palace flunkey. He was without ancestry or influence. The disreputable exploits which were a credit to the members of the nobility were regarded as outrageous on the part of a servant, and he was kicked out in disgrace.

Gruenebaum had studied the habits, deportment and the little mannerisms of the great people he had been long and intimately associated with as servant and confidential valet. With all the acquired tricks and mannerisms of nobility—even to proficiency in feminine intrigues and skill in procuring money—it occurred to him that he might succeed in a profligate career just as well as a real nobleman if he only had a pretended title and could transfer his scene of adventure to a land where a bogus title would not be discovered.

At the age of twenty-two, with a neatly engraved card reading "Baron Gruenebaum," with monocle, boutonniere and a valet, he made his appearance in London. His career at the most fashionable clubs, his meeting and swindling many of the most prominent of English titled nobility, his card games with the Prince of Wales will be told in detail later.

In England the "Baron" met many Americans, and their adoration led him to make a trip to the United States to find a rich wife. With letters of introduction from his unsuspecting acquaintances in London the adventurer found no difficulty in establishing himself in the most carefully guarded circles of fashionable New York society, and he accomplished the remarkable achievement of becoming the guest of honor at a reception given him by Mrs. William Astor, the acknowledged queen of the 400.

But it required considerable funds to finance his social career among the fashionable American millionaires, and a careless little

transaction about a forged check landed the "Baron Gruenebaum" in Blackwell's Island prison for ten months. This unfortunate setback ended his career in New York for the time, and he returned to renew his conquests in London. To disentangle his name from the penitentiary record the "Baron Gruenebaum" now promoted himself to a higher title and changed his visiting card to read "Count Gregory."

In spite of his earlier splurge in New York, when Mrs. Astor, the social dictator, accepted him as "Baron Gruenebaum," and his sudden eclipse behind the prison walls of New York's famous penitentiary—in spite of all this, the audacious adventurer came back to America and managed to get into the very cream of select society as "Count Gregory."

This time the Vanderbilts were his closest friends, and there is scarcely a prominent man or woman listed in the Social Register whom the "Count" has not met or swindled. In fact, so well did this engaging jailbird succeed that he was welcomed in New York's most exclusive clubs, he was a central figure at the fashionable Madison Square Horse Show, he entered his own string of horses at the Newport Horse Show, competing with the Vanderbilts and other multi-millionaire sportsmen, and won fourteen prizes in one exhibition.

In recounting his experiences this impostor reveals a humorous side to his scoundrelly career—the blind, unquestioning adoration of the palace servant and stable boy because his American dupes were impressed by his courtly manners and bogus title.

His wicked scheme to lure an exceptionally pretty young wife to a wanton career so that the "Count" might play his rich friends into his arms, to be plucked for his own financial benefit and her ruin and suicide—this sinister chapter of his career the "Count" has already told in previous chapters.

His exploits in London and Paris and his extraordinary career among the multi-millionaire fashionables of America will be told with entire frankness from week to week in these pages by "Count" Gregory himself.

Duke of Tuscany. My ill-informed American listeners opened their mouths in hushed admiration of my bogus tales of escapades with these great people. And when I talked about my fictitious ancestral estates at Wehnitz and Tettat my American admirers formed pictures in their minds of the more magnificent of the old Continental castles which they had seen in photographs or had read about in Baedeker. Nobody was sufficiently informed to challenge or even suspect any of my boastful claims.

Yet through all the weeks and months and even years in which I maintained my successful masquerade as "Count" Gregory I realized that the time might come at any moment when I would be faced with somebody who would penetrate my mask and denounce me as the fraud that I was.

And when this moment came, as I knew it surely would, it came under the most embarrassing circumstances. But I had thought the situation out very carefully, and had made up my mind exactly what to do when the hour of my exposure arrived.

It was at a dinner party at Delmonico's. I myself was the host. Among my guests that evening was Mr. Barney Schley, the young multi-millionaire New York broker, who often entertained me in his magnificent home on Fifth avenue, and there was Major Lawrence, of the Coldstream Guards, then on leave in the United States, a young, handsome, dashing British army officer, with a large fortune. Among the ladies at my table were Mrs. Alfred Sevier, wife of the millionaire banker of Cleveland, whose daughter I was vigorously endeavoring to annex, with her financial prospects, as my wife.

As befitting a foreign nobleman, I had among my guests two personages of foreign title—the Princess Troubetzkoy, of New York, and Count Festelet, a famous gentleman horseman, Count Festelet. At my table also were Mrs. Oliver Dowd, of Baltimore; Major Von der Horst, a very rich American sportsman, and, if I remember correctly, Reggie Vanderbilt was a member of my party that evening.

My guests had hardly been seated when my roving eye detected the handsome figure and attractive features of a young woman at a table across the room, and I recognized the wife of the famous Prince Victor of Thurn and Taxis.

A premonition of disaster seized me. This young woman was an American girl, a Miss Lida Nichols, of Pennsylvania, heiress of many millions, and gainer of many more millions through her first husband, General Gerald Fitzgerald, a famous Scotch soldier. For her second husband she had chosen Prince Victor, who was a nephew of Maria Theresa, the ill-fated Empress of Austria, and his family was one of the most ancient and most powerful in the great dual empire of Austria-Hungary.

Here, within earshot of my party, sat a very keen-witted, wide-awake American woman, the genuine young Princess of Thurn and Taxis, who might well have a much better knowledge of who was who in Austria than anybody I had been thrown into association with in America.

Two or three courses of the dinner had passed, and we had come to the champagne when the Count Festelet, one of my guests, whose back had been turned to the table where the Princess of Thurn and Taxis sat, reached into his pocket and drew forth his gold and jeweled and her-

aldry-embossed cigarette case. The quick and attentive waiter stepped to his side with a lighted match, and as the Count turned his head with cigarette in mouth to light it from the waiter's burning match his eye took in the handsome face and figure of the Princess, whom he well knew. Festelet had a real title, and the Princess had met him as a social equal and knew his genuine family lineage.

Swinging around in his chair, Count Festelet half rose, removed his cigarette and bowed to the Princess, who returned his salutation with a little nod and a smile of recognition.

I noted this little pantomime with no little apprehension, and was prepared for the unwelcome blow which followed when Count Festelet remarked:

"That is the Princess of Thurn and Taxis at the table behind me. A splendid example of American womanhood at its best and truly an ornament to our court. Is it not so, Count Gregory? Surely you have met her?"

"Why, no," I replied casually, "I do not think that I have happened to have met her, although I know her husband, Prince Victor, intimately well. His father, Prince Albert, and I were school fellows together, you know, and our estates at Wehnitz and Tettat were close to the Prince's old castle."

The conversation continued on the topic of this American Princess, and finally Mrs. Sevier, I think it was, remarked with some enthusiasm:

"Oh, how I should love to meet the Princess—and wouldn't you, Major Lawrence?"

"I shall be delighted to arrange it," replied Count Festelet, as he laid down his napkin, rose from his chair and walked over to the table where the Princess of Thurn and Taxis held out her hand in welcome.

My worst fears were realized a moment later when Count Festelet returned nimbly to my table, and as he resumed his seat said:

"The Princess and her escort are just about finishing their coffee, and she has promised to stop a moment at our table as she leaves. You will find her a most charming woman."

I began to think very rapidly, and endeavored to make up my mind whether this American member of the Austrian nobility probably had, or probably did not have, sufficient knowledge of the Austrian aristocracy to stamp me as a fraud. On the whole, I concluded that the chances were in my favor. I would endeavor to bluff it through in case she should seem to have doubts or misgivings. Anyhow, I concluded, she is a lady, and it would be highly unlikely that she would select a public place and a dinner party of my guests to do such a dramatic and surprising thing as to denounce and unmask me.

I lulled myself into a sense of peaceful security, and in the rebound from my anxiety I chattered along more volubly and more gaily than ever, and swallowed three or four more glasses of champagne by way of encouraging myself.

A few minutes later I saw the Princess rise from her table and with stately bearing come across the room toward our table. Mrs. Sevier, who had scarcely taken her eye off the Princess, was equally quick to observe.

The Princess is coming over to our table," she announced, and at once all of us rose from our seats, while the Count Festelet pushed back his chair, swung him-

Who Preyed Upon Fashionable New York Society

and Jailbird, Once a Servant and and Vanderbilts, Marries a Lkmails and Robs His Admiring Patrons



Photo of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis arriving at a social function.

self about and bowed low in greeting as the Princess approached.

One after another the ladies of my party were presented to the Princess of Thurn and Taxis. She acknowledged each presentation with a pleasant smile and a happy word or two of greeting. Then the Count turned to me, as the host of the party, and said:

"I am sure you have heard of one of our countrymen, Count Gregory of Wehuts and Tetian, who knows your worthy husband, Prince Victor, quite well—may I present our host, Count Gregory?"

I faced the Princess and bowed low until my eyes reached the shining tips of my patent leather shoes and slowly extended my hand, as was my usual custom, to gently grasp the hand of the lady and press it to my lips for a salutation which always impressed those who observed this little piece of acting. But as my head slowly rose and my eyes found the level of the eyes of the Princess I saw that instead of an extended hand of greeting her hand had ascended in a gesture of amused protest. She threw her head back and a smile of derision played over her features.

Still not quite certain of what the situation was to develop, I said, "I give you my service, madame."

Still holding the pose of amused contempt and maintaining her silence for an embarrassing half minute, which seemed an hour, the Princess fixed a steady gaze upon me and said:

"Count Gregory! Count Gregory, indeed! I am not accustomed to number among my social acquaintances a valet, a bootblack, a scoundrel who poses as a gentleman and imposes upon those who respect my husband's friends."

With a withering glance, the Princess half turned, still fixing me with her contemptuous gaze. Then lowering her head and bowing to Count Feticsos and the rest of the party, she took the arm of her escort and swept out of the doorway.

I have not the grasp of language to explain either my own feelings at that moment nor do I quite recall the words that were uttered around the table. I fumbled my monocle, let it fall from my eye, stroked the silken cord and replaced it in my eye, and then, regaining control of myself, with a forced smile said:

"Extraordinary! But it is impossible to feel resentment against so charming a woman, and especially one who is the wife of one of my childhood playmates and nearest friends—her husband, the Prince." Then rather unhesitatingly I continued:

"But it is not surprising that an American might make even so sad a mistake as the Princess has made."

Count Feticsos and the others at once made the best of the situation and amiably accepted my suggestion that, of course, the Princess was laboring under some stupor, and had mistaken my name for the name of

The
Count
Feticsos,
who
unwittingly
nearly
ruined
me.



some well-known impostor her husband had no doubt told her about.

In the morning I said, dismissing the subject:

"I will call upon the Princess and set her right. Meanwhile, let us forget this unpleasant occurrence, which the Princess will regret even more than I."

My little dinner party broke up shortly. A feeling of constraint and uneasiness had overcome my guests, and I was glad to be free to think over the situation in the solitude of my apartment.

I realized the grave importance of what had happened. I was aware that I stood face to face with the most critical moment of my career. I knew that in another twenty-four hours the gossip of the dinner tables, theatre parties, the opera houses and the club smoking rooms would be the episode of the Princess and the Count.

While I had firm friends of the highest standing in the clubs and in the highest social circles of millionaire fashionable life, yet how would my defenders be able to answer the clean-cut, unimpeachable, deliberate statements of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis?

I must provide my friends with adequate ammunition to resist any insulting sneers about their friend "Count" Gregory. And I must do this instantly.

I spent the better part of the night pacing the floor of my library with a bottle or two of brandy within easy reach. I faced the situation from every point of view. The one thing which I could not afford to do was to remain silent or try to laugh the matter off as a funny vagary of the Princess.

Of course, it was out of the question for me to call on the Princess and endeavor to "straighten out" her "mistake." My guilty conscience made it perfectly clear to me that every word she uttered—"valet, bootblack, scoundrel"—was true, and I suspected that if the Princess knew this much about me, she probably knew a good deal more than she had put into that brief and just characterization of myself.

There was only one thing to do—bluff it out!

It was not the first time I had been in a tight corner.



The Princess fixed a steady gaze upon me and said:

"Count Gregory! Count Gregory, indeed! I am not accustomed to number among my social acquaintances a valet, a bootblack, a scoundrel who poses as a gentleman and imposes upon those who respect my husband's friends."

It was not the first time I had slipped out of an embarrassing situation by using a colossal bluff. I had learned that the weak or hesitating bluffer is pretty certain to lose. The only bluff that is worth while is a gigantic bluff, carried out with such speed and vigor and earnestness that it carries conviction to the onlookers who are not informed of the true facts.

So I decided that I would at once institute a suit for slander against the Princess of Thurn and Taxis. No two-cent lawyer would do. I wanted a man of the highest standing, whose connection with my libel suit would be an indorsement of the merits of my side of the controversy.

Turning over in my mind and scanning my notebook for a name that would fit my needs, I remembered having an acquaintance with Mr. W. F. Hart, of Wall street, a lawyer of the highest standing and a man prominent in social circles, who knew many of my friends.

I remembered meeting Mr. Hart on one or two occasions, and that he had been very respectful, evidently taking me at my face value as a distinguished member of ancient Austrian lineage.

I telephoned his residence early in the morning, and with much agitation informed him briefly that I had been the victim of an insult which would not allow of even one moment's delay in avenging. As a member of the Austrian nobility it was impossible for me to avenger this insult with my own good sword, because the offender was a woman. Nor could I stoop to vulgar immunities in dealing with my traducer.

I must seek vindication in the American courts—and without an hour's delay.

Mr. Hart, who had not had his breakfast, was evidently much impressed with my entirely reasonable agitation of mind. If a "gentleman" had been so grossly insulted as I said I had been, Lawyer Hart was in full sympathy with me, and would do his utmost to satisfy my wounded honor. He agreed that it would be quite right to take the matter before the courts in an orderly way.

I joined Lawyer Hart at his office immediately after his breakfast and persuaded him that he must draw up his complaint and file his papers that very day, as I could not sleep on my innocent pillow until proper steps had been taken to avenge my wounded honor.

Before noon Lawyer Hart had drawn up the proper papers and sent his clerk into the court to file a suit for damages for \$50,000 against the Princess of Thurn and Taxis. In that complaint was this paragraph:

"The said Lady, Princess of Thurn and Taxis, did deliberately and with malice my and declare in the presence of persons known to and friends of the plaintiff herein, that the said plaintiff, who is an Austrian nobleman of high lineage and social position, was, in fact, of her knowledge, formerly a servant, coachman and bootblack, all of such statements being, to the said Princess' knowledge, false and defamatory, much to the mortification and damage of the plaintiff herein."

The moment the papers were filed I began telephoning about to my best and most substantial friends to inform

them that I could not engage in a controversy with a lady, but that my honor demanded satisfaction, and that by the legal advice of the best lawyers in New York I had at once instituted a suit for slander in the sum of \$50,000 against the Princess.

Of course I could not reach every club smoking room or every dinner party in New York's social world. But I accomplished this by seeing to it that the New York newspapers were informed of my suit, and I was delighted to see the very creditable notices of my \$50,000 slander suit which appeared in the papers the next morning.

Things turned out as I had hoped. My swift action in the court turned the tide of doubt and suspicion from me. Surely, my friends argued, I would not dare to bring a suit against such a distinguished personage and deliberately go into court, where exposure would be certain, unless I was what I claimed to be and unless it was beyond doubt that the Princess had made a tremendous blunder.

Of course the Princess, through her lawyers, made a formal answer to my suit, repeating her charges, but that did not count. I knew that the case would never come to court—I would take good care that for one reason or another the Princess would never get the opportunity to put me on the witness stand and strip bare my notorious past.

But my friends did not know that my suit was a gigantic bluff. I went about as usual, and expressed the greatest surprise and astonishment on account of the law's delays. I talked long and earnestly about how quickly I would settle this whole matter with my good sword if I were in Austria, where I could challenge the Princess' husband.

Personally the news reached me in a few days that the Princess had her passage engaged to return to Europe. This I was delighted to see, meant a postponement of our actual trial of the case until her return from abroad. She did not intend to have a scoundrelly bootblack interfere with her trip to Europe, she told some of my friends.

I decided to make capital out of the Princess' trip abroad. I hurried down to Lawyer Hart's office in great agitation and told him that the Princess had taken alarm at my lawsuit and had secretly arranged to run away to escape the \$50,000 damages which certainly would be assessed against her.

"Is there no way, Mr. Hart, that a gentleman of my standing can protect his good name?" I cried in appeal, with the very best acting of which I was capable. "Is there no way in which a resourceful lawyer can safeguard the honor of a gentleman? Is the law so impotent that I must stand by and see this traducer of my honorable name escape without adequate penalty?"

"Yes," said Lawyer Hart, thoughtfully, "we could, I suppose, sue out a writ of attachment against the baggage and personal possessions of the Princess and prevent their removal from the United States pending trial of our issue in court. Such a proceeding, indeed, might upset the Princess' plans and induce her to make adequate re-

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ARKER READ JR.
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A close-up photograph of several US dollar bills. A \$20 bill is visible at the top left, and a \$100 bill is partially visible below it. A hand is holding a pen over the bills, and the word "DOLLAR" is printed on the bills.

Three Palmer ents

Van Loan Questionnaire

air unsuspected talent?

is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that *writing ability and story-telling ability* are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; thousands can tell a story and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding those thousands in homes and offices all over the land. The producers are ready and anxious to pay from \$500 to \$2500 for the

Try, at Least. Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire.

The questionnaire prepared by M. Van Loan and Professor MacLennan is for the purpose of telling you if you have a story-telling talent we want to help you develop it. If you have no story-telling ability we want to discover that and tell you frankly for your future. You can write something that we can sell we do not profit.

We will treat the questionnaire confidentially; we will be perfectly frank. But for your own sake, and for the sake of the future of the moving picture industry, send for the questionnaire and try, at least.

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ME _____
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"Kiss me!" she cried in a laughing half-whisper, and the tiny, cold muzzle of the snake, where its quick tongue thickened, touched her

"David!" he said.
"Cymon!" said David.
"I've been here more than an hour—watching the faces. It won't buy bread and olives, but it's instructive. You're late."
"Yes, my mother spoke to me this morning. She wants me—to choose a wife."

"She can't understand—none of them understand, Cymon! There are worthier things than the begetting of children, look at all these—look at them!"—he made a quick gesture toward the medley of buyers and sellers—"they eat and drink and trade, take virgins in marriage and beget sons, sacrifice

According to the law, and recite certain formulas every time they wash their fingers or pare their nails. Then they die. They're a flock of goats, going where they're led or driven, and pulling grass by the way. I cannot eat bread and content myself. I thirst!"

He broke off. Regarding his dream and purpose he had opened his lips to neither man nor woman.

Cymon was leaning against the marble column, whose capital imitated curled acanthus leaves.

"Oh, the'll jester you to marry," he said. "Women's minds are set on nothing save begetting and bearing. They're animals—just animals. But a dog is faithful and a woman isn't. I made a fool of myself over a girl once."

He spoke as though he had seen half a century.

"It was at Tyre," he went on. "I met her in the market. I gave her all I had—I'd been working for three months with a silversmith—every coin of it.

"I was in Elysium. We were god and goddess. I lay with my head on her breast and watched the full moon rising over myrtles. Our love was immortal—I felt that it would outlast our lives.

"Next day I found that she was a girl of the temple of Ashtoreth—common property. I wasn't the first she'd fleeced that way either.

"I haven't touched a woman

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ince. Even if they don't rob you they degrade a man!"

His boyish jaw was rather more angular than it should have been from hardship and lean days. The tails of his tapering, nervous fingers were unthumbed and black, and the set of his mouth very bitter.

David remained silent for about a minute. His nostrils had dilated when Cymon spoke of the temple trial.

Habitually, he was reserved almost to taciturnity, carrying an unconscious dignity as a king's stola carries gold trappings. He was vaguely ashamed already that he had spoken so openly to Cymon. In general he was the listener while the other spoke. They had been friends for some months. Deliberately he had chosen the Greek. Cymon was touched with a rare sense of the spirit that flared gustily in a torch in a draught. In the house court of his lodging

in the market where his work
men spoke of the saving of
ney, of the taxes, of shrewd
ing in business, of So-and-so
neglected the tithes command-
in the Law. Already he knew
bleakness of the spiritual fac-
tion that goes with sensitive
and alone enthusiasm, but his up-
ken ideal lay beyond the range
Cymon's sympathy.

"I shall not choose a wife," he
d. "Not yet."

"That's good," said Cymon.
Near by, an old woman selling

David sat down on the second step where Cymon had sat. The young Greek was beside him,

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[Faint, mostly illegible document fragments]

5000 To T Stude

LL three prizes in the J. Parker Read, Jr., scenario contest have been awarded to writers who, until a few months ago, had written nothing for the screen.

[illegible]

questionnaire designed by ill. L. L. An, the famous master of the odd man, and Prof. Malcolm Mac, formerly professor of short-story at Northwestern University? questionnaire will be sent free, out the slightest obligation, as a of the Palmer Photoplay Corpora nationwide search for story-tell-ent for the screen.

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The questionnaire properly prepared by Mr. Van Loon and Mr. MacLean is the key to our protection as well as yours. If you have story-telling talent we want to help you develop it. If you have no story-telling ability, we will not waste your time. If you frankly admit this, we can write scenarios for you that we can sell we do not profit.

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YOUR skin is not the smooth and even surface that it seems to be. Under the microscope, even the finest skin is seen to be a region of tiny hills and valleys, invisible to the naked eye. In order to adhere to such an uneven surface, face powder must be infinitely fine.

The finer the particles are divided, the better the powder will cling, and the better it will blend, not only with the tone, but with the very texture of your skin. For more than 2000 years face powder has been sifted through the meshes of cloth, much as it is still done, in an attempt to secure the necessary fineness. But never until now has this process been improved upon, except by the use of finer and finer cloth. Now, by a revolutionary new process, Melba reduces face powder to a hitherto impossible fineness. Instead of sifting powder through cloth, we float it on air!

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By this wonderful new air-floating process Melba Lov'me Face Powder is divided into such infinitely fine particles that they blend evenly and smoothly with the very texture of your skin, giving to the complexion an altogether new, pearly-clear transparency, instead of the coated or kalsomined look that comes from the use of coarser powders made in the old-fashioned way.

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Melba Lov'me Face Powder will reveal and enhance the beauty of every complexion but if you want the utmost beauty that is possible to your complexion, you must have a foundation of skin health. Nothing more fully repays care than the delicate

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First you must remove the impurities; the dust, coal soot, particles of carbon and dirt, that daily clog the pores. These impurities cause the pores to expand—cause blackheads and enlarged pores. Soap and water do not dissolve these impurities. But they are all soluble in a scientific combination of certain oils.

Many years ago we perfected this combination, known as Melba Skin Cleanser. It has proven to be a wonderful solvent; it thoroughly cleanses the skin of all impurities and foreign matter. For twenty-seven years thousands of women all over the country have used no other cleanser. Its purity and efficacy are universally known. Use Melba Skin Cleanser each night before retiring. Clean out the impurities that do such harm; give your skin a chance to breathe. The result will be quickly noticed!

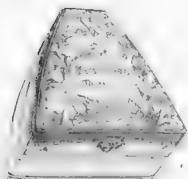
Your skin needs two creams

After thoroughly cleansing your skin with Melba Skin Cleanser, lightly massage with Melba Face Cream Skin Massage. This stimulates the circulation, awakens the sluggish cells, adds just the oil your skin needs, feeds the tissues. Being an astringent, it closes the pores and refines the texture of the skin. All normal skin needs these two creams—Melba Skin Cleanser and Melba Face Cream Skin Massage. Use them regularly and you will be delighted with the smooth, clear, colorful texture of your skin. Melba Lov'me air-floating Face Powder will then reveal new beauties to you.

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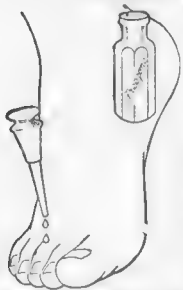
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CAST: The Man The Wife The Convict A Butler

He living room of the house where the famous French was born. The room is a study of the life of the famous French. The room is a study of the life of the famous French.

He: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

She: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

He: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

She: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

He: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

She: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

He: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

She: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.



"Come on. Shoot!"

—the latter? Suppose I came to you after the war of 1812. I would have been a Frenchman. I would have been a Frenchman. I would have been a Frenchman.

She: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

He: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

She: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

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She: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

He: I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman. I am not a Frenchman.

Hints for Housewives
Grape Juice With Ham.
YOU can give a roasting ham a delicious flavor by basting it with a few tablespoons of grape juice.

Platachlo Nuts.
PISTACHIO nuts, finely chopped, make a pleasing garnish for many dishes. A quarter pound of them will last the average household a year, as they need to be used only sparingly.

Spots on Wall Paper.
GRASS spots on wall paper may be easily removed by applying a paste made of calcium magnesia and boiled water. Allow the paste to dry on the spots, then carefully scrape off with a sharp knife.

Old Clothes
Charcoal-burners. Sprinkle the spots that "come back" with milk. Sprinkle with milk. Sprinkle with milk. Sprinkle with milk. Sprinkle with milk.

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Hints for Housewives
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TO make starch for black waists, cook one tablespoon of starch in one pint of boiling water.

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GRASS spots on wall paper may be easily removed by applying a paste made of calcium magnesia and boiled water. Allow the paste to dry on the spots, then carefully scrape off with a sharp knife.

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Send \$20.00 to the House of Hartman—the concern with \$12,000,000 capital and 1,200,000 satisfied customers—and they will ship this perfect set of art, fully plated, gleaming white, gold decorated dishes. Keep them 30 days on HARTMAN's terms and if you are not satisfied, return them and HARTMAN'S will refund your money and pay transportation charges both ways. Surrounded by a With Your Initial Monogram in Gold. Wreath of Gold.

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Fresh yeast has been proved by recent scientific tests to be a valuable food for normal run-down conditions, constipation, indigestion and certain skin disorders. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast. Beware of unnamed yeast-vitamins preparations that contain drugs or other chemicals. Fleischmann's Yeast (fresh) is a pure food, rich in vitamins, in which it measures up to the 8-10 vitamin tests set by laboratories and hospitals. The familiar test package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.

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Vanity Case
(worth \$1.50
at least) with
a compact of
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A 50¢
Compact of
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are real beauty insurance

DON'T fail to get
the right shade
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Powder and Light Rouge
Jonteel.

For Brunettes—Brunette
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The first policy was written when the first woman looked at her face in
the mirror of a clear spring and touched her cheeks with the juice of
a red berry to make them more pleasing to her lover.

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Long before man invented the first life insurance—that is armor against his en-
emies—woman was thousands of years ahead of him in her efforts to insure her good
looks. And this is because beauty is more precious to woman than life is to man.
To her, beauty means success, happiness, love—all the things by which she rules.

The captains of the ancient argosies who went forth to search for treasures in
unknown lands had their minds more on new unguents, new scents, new aids
to woman's beauty than on gold or silver or ivory. The queens of old sent ex-
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All the charms that the beauties of other days sought and the women of to-
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Bringing Up Father



